

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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WHEN *The Literary Chronicle* was first commenced, we contented ourselves with barely stating the general nature of the work, and avoided all those professions which are seldom credited, and in which the 'word of promise is kept to the ear only.' If those professions were deemed unnecessary at the commencement, they will scarcely now be expected, when an acquaintance of eight months with the Public has enabled them to judge for themselves; it is, therefore, with honest pride, that we refer to the volume just completed, and with gratitude we acknowledge, that the public patronage has realized our fondest expectations. It has been a leading feature of *The Literary Chronicle*, that no article having the slightest tendency to immorality should be inserted; that while we instructed the minds, we should not corrupt the hearts of our readers, and that our pages should contain 'no line which, dying, we would wish to blot.'

The advantage of a weekly review, by communicating to the public an account of every new work of value and importance with all its freshness, is too obvious to be doubted, and, in this respect, has a decided superiority over those publications which appear less frequently.

The price at which *The Literary Chronicle* is published, by placing it within the reach of all classes of the reading public, offers the means of diffusing an acquaintance with all that is interesting in the literature and science of the day, more extensively than any other periodical publication.

The independence which we professed in our critical department has been strictly maintained: *The Literary Chronicle* is a Review of Books, but not a Bookseller's Review: this is a distinction which we know the public will be able to appreciate, and we look for no other patronage or reward, than such as our honest labours may justly claim.

How far the Bill now pending in Parliament, respecting periodical publications, may affect us, we have not yet correctly ascertained; but our readers may rest assured, that no alteration in our plan will be made, unless in obedience to those laws which the Legislature may deem it necessary to enact, and upon which we shall be able to speak decisively in our next.

With our best and most sincere thanks to those friends who have so liberally contributed to the pages of this work, and with the most grateful sense of the very liberal and increasing patronage with which we are honoured, it will be our pride, by increased activity and exertion, to endeavour to ensure a continuance of the good opinion and liberal aid we have so fortunately obtained.

As every volume of *The Literary Chronicle* will always be complete in itself, the present is a very favourable period for commencing subscriptions.

VOL. II.

Review of New Books.

Ivanhoe; a Romance. By the Author of 'Waverley,' &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. pp. 996. Edinburgh, 1820.

If the present volumes do not let us into the grand secret of the authorship of the Scottish historical novels, an advertisement from Messrs. Coustable informs us, that *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, and the three series of the *Tales of My Landlord* are all from the same pen. Much conjecture had been hazarded, and no small quantity of ink spilt, to shew, that *Rob Roy* and the *Tales of My Landlord*, were not by the author of the first three works; and to this opinion we confess we inclined. But if all these works are really written by the 'great unknown,' it gives us a still higher opinion of his talents than we had before entertained; for it proves not only the power of his transcendent genius, but also the variety he can impart in the exercise of it. We will not now detain our readers by any further exordium, but proceed to analyse '*Ivanhoe*,' a novel which partakes more of the nature of romance, than any of the author's former productions.

In an excellent dedicatory epistle to 'the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust, F. A. S.' of York, the author, who now appears under the cognomen of 'Laurence Templeton, of Toppingwold, in Cumberland,' discusses the question, whether an interest might not be obtained for the traditions and manners of old England, similar to that which has been excited in behalf of those of our poorer and less celebrated neighbours, remarking that,—

'The Kendal Green, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings as the variegated tartans of the north. The name of Robin Hood, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy; and the patriots of England deserve no less their renown in our modern circles, than the Bruces and Wallaces of Caledonia.'

The date of the story of *Ivanhoe*, refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I, when his return from his long captivity was rather wished for than expected by his despairing and oppressed subjects. The site of the commencement of the tale is in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, in a forest, where—

'Hundreds of broad short-stemmed oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their broad gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood, of various descriptions, so closely as to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the

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trees, and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way.'

What a scene for the painter the author has here described; Nasmyth or Wilson, perhaps, alone could do justice to it on canvass. Two human figures complete the landscape; and, as they are more important personages in the work than might at first be expected, we must notice them. The first of these, a swineherd, called Gurth, had a stern, savage, and wild aspect; his garments were of the simplest form; to a broad leathern belt, which he wore, was attached a sort of scrip, and a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt, was also stuck a long sharp pointed two-edged knife, which bore, even at that time, the name of a Sheffield whittle. Another part of his dress was,—

'A brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment for his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription to the following purport.—"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric, of Rotherwood."'

Besides Gurth, there was another person, who looked much younger, and who was fantastically dressed, and wore a cap and bells; he was one of those domestic clowns, or jesters, which at that period were maintained in the houses of the wealthy. This man wore a collar round his neck, similar to that of Gurth, on which was inscribed, 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric, of Rotherwood.' While these men were engaged in conversation, and a dog was collecting the scattered swine, a splendid cavalcade approached them, consisting of ten men. At their head was a well-fed sporting friar, Aymer, of Jorvaulx Abbey, accompanied by Brian de Bois Guilbert, a Knight Templar. These men, with their retinue, were on their way to Ashby de la Zouche, and wishing to call on Cedric, of Rotherwood, inquired the way of Wamba; but he knowing that they were Normans, and that his master, who was a Saxon, and proud of his descent, would not be very glad to see them, purposely misdirected them, but meeting with a Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land, he conducted them to Rotherwood.

Cedric was in rank a thane, or, as the Normans called him, a franklin, who kept up the dignity of his rank by the hospitality of his mansion, even to those whom he considered as his irreconcilable enemies, the Normans. We pass over an excellent description of the hall and the dress of Cedric, to notice a sketch of the hatred which the Saxons had for their Norman conquerors. Cedric is impatient for the return of Gurth with the swineherd, whom he fears the Normans may have seized, when,—

'Oswald, the cup-bearer, modestly suggested, "that it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew;" an ill chosen apology, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to Saxon ears.

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew bell, and the tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it, with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The curfew!" he added, pausing, "ay, the curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness: ay, the curfew! Reginald de Front de Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin know the use of the curfew as well as William, the bastard, himself, or e'er a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings."

Cedric vowed to avenge any new wrongs he might have

suffered, and to let the Normans know, that childless as he was, the blood of Hereward flowed in the veins of Cedric; and here we have a most beautiful passage, in which the Thane compares himself, 'in his age, like the solitary oak that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest.' From this musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, and sent to know the cause. In less than three minutes, a warden announced—

'That the Prior Aymer, of Jorvaulx, and the good Knight Brian de Bois Guilbert, commander of the venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging for the night, being on their way to a tournament which was to be held not far from Ashby de la Zouche, on the second day from the present.

"Aymer, the Prior Aymer? Brian de Bois Guilbert?" muttered Cedric, "Normans both; but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached; they are welcome, since they have chosen to halt—more welcome would they have been to have ridden further on their way—But it were unworthy to murmur for a night's lodging and a night's food; in the quality of guests at least, even Normans must suppress their insolence."

Directions were immediately given to Hundebert, a sort of major domo, to provide the strangers with every thing necessary, and see them carefully tended, and tell them that 'Cedric would himself bid them welcome, but he is under a vow never to step more than three steps from the door of his own hall, to meet any who spares not the blood of Saxon royalty.'

On the entrance of the guests, Cedric made three steps towards them, and then apologised for his vow, that would not permit him to advance farther; the banquet was served up:—

'The feast, however, which was spread on the board, needed no apologies from the lord of the mansion. Swine's flesh, dressed in several modes, appeared on the lower part of the board, as also that of fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and various kinds of fish, together with huge loaves and cakes of bread, and sundry confections made of fruits and honey. The smaller sorts of wild fowl, of which there was abundance, were not served up in plates, but brought in upon small wooden spits or broaches, and offered by the pages and domestics who bore them to each guest in succession, who cut from them such a proportion as he pleased. Beside each person of rank was placed a goblet of silver; the lower board was accommodated with large drinking horns.'

At this repast, Rowena, the heroine of the romance, was present; she was the ward of Cedric, and a lady of great beauty and accomplishments:

'Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as beseech.'

The Knight Templar was deeply smitten with the beauty of Rowena, who anxiously inquired of him the latest news from Palestine:—

"I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed tidings of a truce with Saladin."

'He was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his appropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was deco-

rated with two asses' ears, and which was placed about two steps behind that of his master, who, from time to time, supplied him with victuals from his own trencher; a favour, however, which the jester shared with the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already noted, there were several in attendance. Here sat Wamba, with a small table before him, his heels tucked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks sucked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of nutcrackers, and his eyes half shut, yet watching with alertness every opportunity to exercise his licensed foolery.

"These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, without caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately Templar, "make an old man of me!"

"Go to, knave, how so?" said Cedric, his features prepared to receive favourably the expected jest.

"Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be, at least, a hundred and fifty years old."

The conversation was interrupted by the announced arrival, at the gate, of a Jew, Isaac, of York. Those who are at all conversant with English history at this period, will recollect the cruel treatment the Jews then suffered*, and, therefore, will not be surprized that Isaac should meet with a very cool reception.

"St. Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the holy sepulchre!"

"By my faith," said Wamba, "it would seem the Templars love the Jew's inheritance, better than they do his company."

The Jew being ushered into the apartment, advanced with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, but no one offered to make room for him:—

The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very heathen Saracens, as Isaac drew near to them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands on their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach.

The good pilgrim, however, who had conducted the prior to Rotherwood, now befriended the poor persecuted Israelite.

While Isaac thus stood, an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney, took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a flame, the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table, at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall:—whether from unwillingness to hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

In a conversation respecting the wars in Palestine, Lady Rowena inquired, if there were none in the English army worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple

* For an interesting account of the persecution of the Jews in the reign of Richard I, and the massacre of them at York, see *Literary Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 331.

and St. John. The knight said, 'that the warriors brought by King Richard, were second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land.' 'Second to none,' exclaimed the pilgrim, who, by this interruption, attracted the notice of the assembly, and the indignation of Bois Guilbert, which terminated by the latter declaring that if Ivanhoe, who was the first of the English warriors, were in England, and durst repeat, in this week's tournament, the challenge of St. John de Acre, he would, mounted and armed as he was, give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result. 'Your challenge would soon be answered,' replied the pilgrim, 'were your antagonist near you,' giving, at the same time, a reliquary (an ivory box, containing a portion of the true cross) as a pledge, that if Ivanhoe returned from Palestine, he would meet the knight. This security, and a gold chain which the knight tendered, were then deposited with Prior Aymer.

When the Palmer was being conducted to his cell, which was assigned to him for the night, Rowena sent for him and questioned him respecting Ivanhoe, when he told her that he was well, and might shortly be expected in England. The Palmer, having learned that there was a plot on the part of Bois Guilbert to plunder the Jew, warned him of his danger, assisted his escape, and conveyed him in safety to Sheffield. The Jew, in gratitude, gave the Palmer a scroll to the rich Jew of Leicester, who would furnish him with a horse and every equipment necessary for the Tournament.

We are now brought to Ashby de la Zouche, and have a fine chivalrous description of the preparations for the tournament, which Prince John had ordered and at which he was present. Isaac, the Jew, and his daughter, Rebecca, a lady of great beauty and superior mental attainments, were also there. Prince John was much struck with her beauty, and swore that his prince of supplies and his lovely Jewess should have a place in the gallery; a declaration which gave much uneasiness to those who occupied it, particularly Cedric, Rowena, and Athelstane. The Jew began to ascend the steps; when Wamba, with a shield of brawn, (which he had provided, lest the tournament should prove longer than his appetite could endure abstinence,) opposed the progress of the Jew, who missed his foot, and rolled down the steps, to the great amusement of the spectators.

The fair Sovereign of Love and Beauty who should distribute the palm to the victor was not fixed, but left to the conqueror to name her. This was done in consequence of Prince John's wishing to confer that honour on Rebecca, but it was stated that no one would enter the lists. When the barriers were opened, the five Norman challengers, including Bois Guilbert and Front de Bœuf, overcame all their opponents, until no one appeared very desirous of renewing the encounter. Cedric was keenly affected by the result, and considering it a triumph gained by the Normans over the honour of England, inquired of Athelstane if he was not tempted to take the lance; 'I shall tilt to-morrow,' answered Athelstane. The prize was on the point of being awarded to Brian de Bois Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third, when a champion entered the lists, who had recorded himself in the books of the tourney, as the Disinherited Knight; but who, in fact, was no other than Ivanhoe, the son of Cedric, who, in the disguise of a pilgrim, had travelled from Palestine, and had

been the guide of Prior Aymer to the house of his father. Ivanhoe first encountered Bois Guilbert, and after several charges, made and sustained by both parties with great courage, unhorsed him. He then successively conquered the remaining four Norman champions. The conquering knight had now to confer a crown on any lady he should select, when his choice fell on the Lady Rowena. The situation of Isaac, the Jew, during the combat, was highly ludicrous, always hazarding a hasty calculation on the value of the horse and armour, which was forfeited to the champion upon each new success, and feeling uneasy concerning those of the Disinherited Knight, which he recognized as belonging to his relative, the Jew, at Leicester.

The Disinherited Knight would not partake of the banquet, and when the knights he had overcome sent their horses and armour, he received half their offered ransom, with the exception of those of Bois Guilbert, with whom he declared he stood on terms of mortal defiance. Gurth, who had been squire to the disinherited knight, was now despatched by him to pay Isaac for the armour and horse. The Jew was in great mental tribulation, on account of some money which Prince John had taken from him at the tournament:

"O Jacob!" he exclaimed, "O ye twelve holy fathers of our tribe! what a losing venture is this for one who hath duly kept every jot and tittle of the law of Moses,—fifty zecchins wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the talons of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly, the blotch of Egypt upon him! Willingly, saidst thou? Ay, as willingly as when, in the Gulph of Lyons, I flung over my merchandize to lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tempest,—robed the seathing billows in my choice silks,—perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes,—enriched their caverns with gold and silver work! And was not that an hour of unutterable misery, though my own hands made the sacrifice?"

Gurth paid to Isaac eighty zecchins, for the use of the horse and armour of his master. The scene in which the Jew received the money is finely drawn, it seemed as if his avarice was struggling with his better nature, and compelling him to pouch zecchin after zecchin, while his generosity urged him to restore some part, at least, to his benefactor. The Jew was on the point of giving Gurth one zecchin, saying that he deserved something for himself,

"He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring, by dropping it upon the table. Had it rung too flat, or had it felt a hair's breadth too light, generosity had carried the day; but, unhappily for Gurth, the chime was full and true, the zecchin plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight. Isaac could not find in his heart to part with it, so dropt it into his purse, as if in absence of mind."

Not so the lovely Rebecca, she followed Gurth, and presented him with a purse containing an hundred zecchins, bidding him restore to his master the eighty zecchins, and keep the remainder for himself.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten zecchins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion.—Oh! happy day! Such another, Gurth, will redeem thy bondage, and make thee a brother as free of the guild as the best. And then do I lay down my swineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

In his return to his master, Gurth had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some of Robin Hood's men, who

infested this neighbourhood; but having recommended himself, partly by the valour of his master, and his own dexterity in the use of the quarter-staff, with which he beat a miller belonging to the gang, he was released.

In the second day's tournament, the champions fought in a body. Ivanhoe and Bois Guilbert endeavoured to single each other out, but it was not until the field was thinned by the numbers who had been vanquished, that they met and encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Two other warriors joined Bois Guilbert, and the whole three pursued their purpose of bearing to the earth the disinherited knight. Long did he maintain this unequal combat, when a champion, in black armour, came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet, 'Desdichado to the rescue!' He overthrew Front de Bœuf and Athelstane, and left Bois Guilbert to the disinherited knight, by whom he was soon overthrown.

When the prize came to be given to the disinherited knight, his helmet was obliged to be removed; then did Cedric recognize his son and Rowena her lover, and the name of Ivenhoe flew from mouth to mouth with all the celerity with which eagerness could convey, and curiosity receive it. The black warrior, who had saved the friend and companion of his fortunes, Ivanhoe, who now had disappeared, was Richard Cœur de Lion himself.

Robin Hood, anxious to witness the sports, and it not being very safe that he should appear *in propria persona*, ventured as a yeoman, by the name of Locksley, and gains the prize of archery. A high festival was now held in the castle of Ashby, at which Cedric was compelled to hear, though not without resenting them, the insults of the Normans to the Saxons.

We had intended to finish our review of Ivanhoe in the present number, but the length to which this article has already extended, compels us to defer the conclusion to our next.

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*Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek: written at the close of the Eighteenth Century.* 3 vols. crown 8vo. pp. 1262. London, 1819.

THIS is a very clever and a very entertaining work, and evidently the production of a writer of considerable literary talents. To those who may have stored their minds with the classical and antiquarian researches of Dodwell\*, the travels of Anastasius in Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, containing such admirable sketches of the state of manners and society, cannot fail of being acceptable. The manner in which these are narrated, relieves them from the tedium of ordinary descriptions; they are interwoven with a fiction, and that a very pleasing one: thus combining, at once, all the charms of romance, with the beauties of history and the fidelity of real life.

Our readers will readily perceive that Anastasius is a counterpart of Anarcharsis. Greece the scene of both their travels,—the one describing ancient and the other modern Greece; and, although the palm must be given to the former, yet that may certainly be done without undervaluing, in the slightest degree, the Travels of Anastasius.

The editor, in his preface, says, that while he has pre-

\* For a review of Dodwell's Tour, see *Literary Chronicle*, Vol. I, p. 193.



sented a picture of natural customs and manners, he has offered many historical and biographical notices, not to be met with elsewhere, and yet, as far as their accuracy has been investigated, narrated with scrupulous regard to truth; these, though disguised under fictitious names, comprise the adventures of private individuals, whom the author did not deem himself warranted to drag before the public.

The work commences with an account of the birth and parentage of Anastasius, who was born of Greek parents, originally from Epirus, but settled at Chio. His father combined, in his single person, the various characters of diplomatist, husbandman, merchant, manufacturer, and master of a privateer. To be more explicit, he was drogusman, (official interpreter,) to the French consul at Chio. The mother of Anastasius was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country.

In the account of the family of Anastasius, we have, at the very outset of the work, one of those felicitous sketches which distinguish this work, and draw the reader, as it were, insensibly to admire it:—

‘My mother was a native of Naxos, and esteemed a great heiress in her country. She possessed an estate of three hundred piastres a year, clear, managed by a relation of her own, Marco Politi; very wealthy himself, primate of all the Greek villages of the island, and a very great rogue.

‘My brothers and sisters—and there came, one by one, just three of each—all contrived to take precedence of me at their birth, and consequently throughout the whole of their subsequent lives. The punctilio of the thing I should not have minded, but, among my countrymen, a foolish family pride exhausts people’s fortunes during their lifetime, in portioning their daughters; the elder sons ran away with what remained, and poor Anastasius brought up the rear with but an indifferent prospect. My kind parents, however, determined to make up for leaving me destitute at their death, by spoiling me as much as possible during their lives.’

As we have not room for a description of the whole family group, we shall insert some of the most characteristic sketches:—

‘My sister Roxana, who would have been a beauty, but for a scar, which she chose to call a dimple, at an early age fell desperately in love with a Turk; and, spite of all remonstrances of her friends, bestowed her hand upon this unbeliever. Nor was it until the very last of her offended relations had been prevailed upon to grant her an unlimited pardon, that she became conscious of the heinousness of her crime, and began to feel an unconquerable desire to re-enter the pale of our holy communion. This she at length effected, by never ceasing to bewail her apostacy, until her husband, in disgust, allowed her a divorce. Immediately she flew back at once into the arms of the church and into those of a young Greek, who, an effective instrument in her reformation, obliterated every trace of her first unhallowed wedlock, by a more canonical union. He truly laboured for the church; for he was by trade an agio-graphis, or painter of saints; and connoisseurs esteemed him the Apelles of our district, in that line. His spouse sat for all his virgins; and, accordingly as she behaved well or ill, he used to paint them handsome or ugly: a practice which kept her very much upon her good behaviour. She was conceited about her looks, and wasted as much paint upon her cheeks as her husband did upon his canvass; a circumstance, however, which produced a striking resemblance between the portraits and the original.’

After noticing his eldest brother, Theodore, he proceeds to the second:—

‘The dove is not more distinguished from the game-cock, than differed from the noisy blustering Theodore the sly de-

mure Eustathius, destined to succeed my father in his place of drogusman. A sleek, smooth-spoken, sanctified lad, with a round face and a red and white complexion, Eustathius, beside that little treasure his own dear self, which he always kept with the utmost care, valued but one other thing in this world, namely, money. Of this, after a long courtship, he had the good fortune, through dint of unabating perseverance, to marry a prodigious heap, encumbered, however, with a wary widow, its mistress, who, after four distinct refusals, at last condescended to accept my brother as her slave, under the name of her husband. But the chains Eustathius wore were of massy gold; and all he wanted was the pleasure of contemplating their glitter.’

Anastasius being the youngest, was, (as it is not unusual,) a spoiled child, whose education was much neglected:—

‘My parents, as may be supposed, were great sticklers for punctuality in every sort of devout practice; mass-going, confession, lent observance, &c. Of moral duties—less tangible in their nature—they had, poor souls, but a vague and confused notion; and the criminality of actions, in reference to one’s neighbour, they taught me chiefly to estimate according to the greater or smaller risk connected with them, of incurring the bastinado from the Turks. As to manual correction at the hands of my own father, it seemed so desirable a circumstance, from the ample amends my mother never failed to make me for her husband’s cruelty to her poor boy, that my only despair was at being able to obtain it so seldom.

‘Having contented themselves for a reasonable number of years with wistfully contemplating—the drogusman my active make and well set limbs, and the drogusmaness my dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, and raven locks,—they at last began to ponder how they might turn these gifts to the best advantage. Both agreed that something should be done, but neither knew exactly what; and the one never proposed a profession, which the other did not immediately object to, until an old relation stepped in between, and recommended the church, as a never-failing resource to those who can think of no other. My cousin had set the example, by making his own son a little caloyer, at twelve. Prohibited by the Turks from the trade of soldier, and by my parents from that of sailor, I myself saw nothing better, and agreed to the proposal. It now became necessary to give me a smattering of learning, and I was put under the tuition of a teacher of the Hellenic language, who assumed the title of logiotatos, and only averred himself inferior to Demosthenes, out of sheer modesty. My idleness got the better of my preceptor’s learning and diligence. All the gold that flowed from the lips of St. Chrysostom his favourite, could not, to my taste, gild the bitter pill of his lessons; and even Homer, much as I liked fighting out of doors, found but an indifferent welcome in school hours. The truth is, I had a dislike to reading in the abstract; but when away from my books, I affected a great admiration for Achilles; called him, in reference to Epirus the land of my ancestors, my countryman, and regretted that I was not born two thousand years ago, for no other purpose but to be his Patroclus. In my fits of heroism, I swore to treat the Turks as he had done the Trojans, and for a time dreamt of nothing but putting to the sword the whole Seraglio—dwarfs, eunuchs, and all. These dreams my parents highly admired, but advised me not to divulge. “Just rancour,” they said, “should be bottled up, to give it more strength.”—Upon this principle they cringed to the ground to every Moslem they met.

‘The inclinations of the little future papas for the church militant, meantime began to appear more prominently. I had collected a troop of ragamuffins of my own age, of whom I got myself dubbed captain; purloined from my uncle, the painter, one of his most smirking Madonnas, for a banner; and, under the auspices of the Panagia, set about robbing orchards, and laying under contribution the villagers, with all the devotion imaginable. So great was the terror our crusades inspired, that the sufferers durst not even complain, ex-



cept in a body. Whenever, as chief of the band, I became the marked object of animadversion, I kept out of the way, until my father had paid the damage, and sued my pardon for his backwardness in doing so. Once, indeed, when tired of my pranks, he swore I would be his ruin, I begged he would quiet his fears, by granting me an unlimited leave of absence; pledging myself not to return till doomsday. This was too much for him. Sooner than part with his Anastasius, he would have bribed the peasants beforehand, to suffer all my depredations.'

Anastasius, as the drogueman's chief assistant and messenger, was in daily attendance at the consular mansion, where, being engaged to teach the lyre to the consul's daughter, 'the blue-eyed Helena,' he had an amour with her, which obliged him to quit Chio. The author's advice to parents, to be careful how they trust their daughters to the care of music masters, is too good to be omitted, and the truth of his remarks too well supported by facts in our own country, to be disputed:—

'Parents who do not particularly wish your daughters to fall in love with their teachers, above all things avoid admitting under your roof any music masters, except such as are antidotes to that passion. Where harmony alone is to rule the sense, how can souls remain unattuned to each other? The boy's hand, in guiding the taper fingers of his pupil, will sometimes make them stray from her chords to his heart, and mistake for the vibrations of one the pulsations of the other. The very lips of the fair one, accustomed to re-echo the sounds of her teacher's voice, will, by degrees, respond to his feelings: and he who has so many means of disclosing his passion, and of insinuating a reciprocal warmth, without any imputation of forwardness, or breach of respect, will be more anxious to interpret the sounds he utters, than to disavow their sense.'

When his amour could no longer be concealed, Anastasius, mortified by a reproach of Helena, as to his birth, thought no way in which he might sever himself from her unfair: he hurried into a tavern, and, (though by no means addicted to intemperance,) drank to excess, and then embarked on board a Venetian brig, where he filled the humble office of cabin-boy. He had not been long on board, a prey to the most melancholy reflections, when a boatful of Maynote pirates boarded the ship, (through the connivance of the captain,) and almost immediately afterwards, a caravella, belonging to the famous Hassan Captain-pasha, (commander-in-chief of the Turkish navy,) gave them chase, and took possession of the vessel: 'thus,' says Anastasius, 'was I, hapless Greek, compelled, in the space of four days, to bear the yoke of four different nations—French, Venetians, Maynotes, and Turks.'

Hassan, who was then engaged in delivering the Morea from the Arnoots, (Albanians,) was by birth a Persian:—

'In the memorable battle which the Russians, after abandoning the Morea, gave the Turks in the streights of Chio, he commanded the admiral ship of the Turks, which was attacked by that of the Russians, while the two commanders, Khasim and Orlow, both kept aloof from the fight. Prevented by his instructions from unmooring, Hassan towed his ship on its anchors, boarded the Russian vessel, and only threw himself into the sea, and swam ashore, when both hulks, on fire, and blown up together, mingled their wrecks in the sky. The sultan, seeing his navy annihilated, and himself threatened with bombardment in his seraglio, by a fleet from the Baltic, now named Hassan, his capitan-pasha, and was saved.'

Anastasius was taken into the suite of Hassan's drogueman; and when the pasha set out with four thousand picked men, for Tripolizza, Anastasius was permitted to

shoulder a musket. In the battle which ensued with the Arnoots, Anastasius fought with great bravery; not forgetting to plunder those whom he had subdued, and to bear, as a trophy of his valour, the head of his enemy:—

'My master, already informed of my prowess, and on the look out for my return, on seeing me arrive thus fierce and turbulent, immediately cried out, "Bravo, Anastasius. At your first outset you are become a complete hero!—But," added he, laughing, "since the fight is over, and the enemy routed, suppose you put up your sword, and wash your face!"

'The advice was seasonable. I had, in the heat of the engagement, received, I know not how, a cut across the jaw, of which the scar remains to this day, and shews a shining white ridge across my strong black beard.

'The head which, in imitation of my companions, I laid before the pasha, he only treated as a foot-ball; an usage which made me feel vexed for its dignity and my own; but when the whole harvest was got in, he ordered the produce to be built into the base of a handsome pyramid. The remaining Arnoots of the peninsula, cut off at the Dervens, afterwards supplied its top, and thus afforded the inhabitants of Tripolizza a most agreeable vista, which they enjoy to this day. One of our men, indeed, attempted to keep back, from the common store, a skull of his own collecting, meaning to turn it into a drinking cup for private use: but the pasha severely censured an idea "so disgraceful," he observed, "to a civilized nation like the Turks;" and was near making its author, in punishment of his offence, contribute to the building materials from his own stock. As for myself, when I came to offer my mite, I found that same Hassan, before so supercilious, all condescension. Bravery was with him the first of virtues; some said the only one!—Putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out and gave me a handful of sequins, adding, "you are a brave lad, and if you will but become a true believer, you may rely upon me for promotion."

The courage of Anastasius did not, however, relieve him from his servile employment under the drogueman, and he laid by his sword to resume his coffee-tray. When Hassan was ordered by the Porte to return to Constantinople, Anastasius accompanied the drogueman, Mavroyeni. While at Constantinople, Anastasius had an intrigue with Theophania, whose husband held one of the highest offices at the court of Moldavia. He was soon after dismissed from his employment in disgrace, which he thus states:—

'One evening, after having repeated my frequently pardoned error of staying out the whole day, I was, on coming home, disappointed of the lecture I expected at my master's hands. Instead of blustering as usual, Mavroyeni asked what had detained me, in the most placid tone imaginable. I now gave myself up for lost. It was precisely the tone which the Drogueman was wont to assume when, fully resolved to have no further dealings with the person who had offended him, he deemed reproach an useless waste of breath. I however made out a little story, which Mavroyeni listened to very patiently; and then pointing to the door, desired me to walk out, and never to walk in again.

'I knew him too well to have the least hopes of his recalling a sentence uttered in this manner. My only remaining solicitude, therefore, was to make a dignified retreat. After a profound bow—of defiance rather than respect,—I strutted away, carrying my head so high that I knocked it against the sofite of the door.

'But in spite of my seeming indifference I felt injured, if not degraded; for in surveying my conduct, I only took into account the last drop that rose above the brim; the rest was hid within the vessel.

'I need not observe that what to me appeared the height of injustice, was deemed by the remainder of the family only a tardy and inadequate act of equity. Such as it was, however, it



caused great jubilation; and in the twinkling of an eye, the whole Fanar was informed of the Secretary's disgrace—only it was ascribed to my having, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made such proposals to Madame la Droguema'ne as she could not possibly listen to—from her husband's clerk.

Anastasius now met with an Israelitish quack doctor, with whom he agreed to act:—

'He was to carry his own Galen, in the shape of the best half of an old missal, stolen from a Capuchin; I undertook the medicine chest, with all its pills of starch, and all its powders of pipe-clay. The only thing I insisted upon as a *sine qua non* in the treaty, was not to appear in my new character in any of the streets I had before frequented; and to this ultimatum the Jew readily enough agreed. Matters thus settled between us, I somewhat dolefully exchanged my gaudy apparel for a dress in unison with that of my principal, and, after vainly begging, in gratitude for my friend Vasili's advice, to have the honour of making upon him my first experiment in this new profession, walked away with my grotesque patron.

'Immediately we began stalking through all the lanes and by-streets of the capital; I, with a pace exactly regulated by that of my master, who walked before me, and both of us turning our heads constantly from right to left and from left to right, like weather cocks, to watch every call from a door or signal from a window; but full as much on the alert to avoid old faces as to court the notice of new ones. Now and then, when we had time for idle chat, I used to advise Yacoob—that was my principal's name—to provide himself with a proper license for killing the Grand Signor's subjects, in the shape of a diploma from the Hekim-bashee. He denied not the expediency of the measure, but he always found some pretence for delaying the performance. At first his poverty prevented the purchase; afterwards, the pressure of business; and so long did we go on, without any inconvenience from the neglect of the said formality, that at last we began to think we never should feel the want of it, and totally forgot there was such a person as Hekim-bashee.

'Ours was an off-hand method of practice. As cases were pretty much alike to our skill, a single feel of the pulse generally decided the most difficult treatments. Our patients—chiefly of the industrious class—could not afford long illnesses; and these we certainly prevented. What most annoyed us was the headstrong obstinacy of some individuals, who sometimes insisted they still felt disordered, when we positively assured them they were cured. Had they been killed instead, they would not have complained! Still more disagreeable incidents now and then occurred. Called in one day to a woman in convulsions, Yacoob, I know not why, prescribed a remedy which the Turks regard as an insult. In her rage the woman flew at him, and bit off half his ear. It was all I could do to save the other half. Another day (a Mohammedan festival,) a set of merry-making Osmanlees insisted on Yacoob's putting on an European dress, which they carried about on a pole, that they might kick him through the streets as a Frank; and though he actually refused a fee for gratifying their whim, he nevertheless was made to go through the whole ceremony.

'I remember a quieter but more impressive scene. One evening as we were returning from the Blacquernes, an old woman threw herself in our way, and taking hold of my master's garment, dragged him almost by main force after her, looking into a mean habitation just by, where lay on a couch, apparently at the last gasp, a man of foreign features. "I have brought a physician," said the female to the patient, "who perhaps may relieve you." "Why will you,"—answered he faintly,—“still persist to feed idle hopes! I have lived an outcast: suffer me at least to die in peace; nor disturb my last moments by vain illusions! My soul pants to rejoin the Supreme Spirit: arrest not its joys; it would only be delaying my eternal bliss!" As he spoke these words—which even struck Yacoob sufficiently to make him suspend his professional

grimace—the last beams of the setting sun darted across the casement of the window, upon his pale yet swarthy features. Thus visited, he seemed for a moment to revive. "I have always," said he, "considered my fate as connected with the great luminary that rules the creation. I have always paid it due worship, and firmly believed I could not breathe my last whilst its rays shone upon me. Therefore carry me out, that I may take my last farewell of the heavenly ruler of my earthly destinies!"

'We all rushed forward to obey the mandate. But the stairs being too narrow, the woman only opened the window, and placed the dying man before it, so as to enjoy the full view of the glorious orb, just in the act of dropping beneath the horizon. He remained a few moments in silent adoration; and mechanically we all joined him in fixing our eyes on the object of his worship. It set in all its splendor; and when its golden disk had entirely disappeared, we looked round at the Parsee. He too had sunk into everlasting rest!

'Our easy successes amongst the lower orders, by degrees made us aspire at other patients. We took to attending the poor gratis, in order to appear qualified to try the constitutions of the rich; and by appearing to have respectable customers, we got them. A Beglier-bey of Roumili—the great-grand son of a Sultan on the mother's side (for on the father's, such filiations are stifled in the birth) was passing through Constantinople. One of his Armenian grooms chose to thank Yacoob for having been relieved by nature from a troublesome quinsy, and recommended him to his master's kehaya. The kehaya also—in spite of Yacoob's attendance—got the better of his rheumatism, and praised us to the head eunuch. The head eunuch, left by us as we found him, spoke of us in high terms to his master; and the Visier, on being seized with an indigestion for which he had laboured very hard, himself condescended to send for us to advise him. He however determined to have two strings to his bow, and to consult the stars as well as the faculty: so that my master found himself pitted against a Moonedgim, who recommended an emetic, while Yacoob insisted on a contrary remedy. The Visier, determined to be right, slyly took both, thinking thus to make the opposite opinions meet. The medicines certainly did; and by their conflict kept us, for a while, in as violent a perspiration as the Pasha himself. As however the disorder only proceeded from too free an indulgence of a good appetite, the double remedy, though a little violent, in the end proved beneficial; and after suffering a few sympathetic pangs, we ultimately reaped both reputation and profit from our treatment of this three-tailed patient.

'Thus we were enabled to quit our itinerant mode of life, and to set up near the Backtche-capoossee a shop of decent appearance, furnished with jars and phials of all sorts and sizes. These we inscribed with the names of the most costly medicines, while the inside bore witness to their rarity. Instead of going in pursuit of patients we now waited till they came or sent. In the course of his practice my principal had discovered that, if some ailment will only obey a face furrowed with age, youth and freshness best dispel certain others; and these he left to my sole management.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Time's Telescope for 1820; or, a complete Guide to the Almanack: containing an Explanation of Saints' Days and Holidays; with Illustrations of British History and Antiquities, Notices of Obsolete Rites and Customs: Astronomical Occurrences in every Month; the Naturalists' Diary, &c. &c. With an Introduction, containing the Outlines of Entomology. 8vo. pp. 323. London, 1820.*

THIS is the seventh annual volume of a very clever work, which combines the *utile et dulce* more happily than



almost any production that has come under our critical observation. The plan of the original work was excellent, and, although, in the course of seven years, the subject might appear to have been exhausted; yet this is so far from being the case, that each succeeding volume has been almost a new work, preserving the groundwork of the plan, but presenting the most pleasing variety and interest, which nothing but great diligence and research, added to much ingenuity and discrimination, could have supplied.

The present volume contains an admirable little treatise on entomology, well calculated to render that interesting science better understood; and to exhibit, in a striking view, the power and munificence of the Author of Nature.

'Entomology,' observes the author, 'like every other branch of natural history, claims it as its prerogative to demonstrate the existence and perfections of that Almighty Power which produced and governs the universe. It is *one chapter in the history of creation*, and naturally leads every intelligent mind to the CREATOR; for there are no proofs of his existence more level to the apprehension of all, than those which this chapter offers to the understanding.

'In an insect or a flower,  
Such microscopic proofs of skill and power,  
As hid from ages past, God now displays,  
To combat atheists with, in modern days.'

In the chronological department of the work, wherein all the remarkable days and the rites and customs peculiar to each are noticed, there are several interesting biographical notices interspersed, which, with the addition of appropriate and well selected passages of poetry, gives a pleasing diversity to the whole. As a specimen of the work, we select an account of the 1st of January, the day on which our present number will be published:—

'New Year's Day has ever been considered a season of joy and congratulation for blessings received and dangers escaped in the year past, as well as for gratitude to the kind Providence which permits us to witness the commencement of a succeeding one. Among the Romans it was the custom for the people to appear in their new clothes; and the consuls entering upon their office on the 1st of January, they went in procession to the capitol, clothed in purple, having the fasces (a bundle of rods, inclosing an axe) carried before them by officers called lictors. Ovid, in his *Fasti*, alludes to this ceremony:—

'The joyous morn appears, let all attend  
With silence, and kind salutations send  
From house to house; let rude contention cease,  
And nought disturb the universal peace;  
Envy, the poison of thy tongue, restrain,  
Nor cast on this white day a livid stain.  
See how in æther spicy odours rise,  
And the Cilician nard perfumes the skies!  
The sacred fires upon the altars blaze,  
And gilded roofs reverberate the rays;  
By people, in their new attire arrayed,  
To Jove's high tow'rs the long procession's made;  
The fasces new precede the splendid line,  
And new consuls in new purple shine;  
Fat heifers in the Tuscan meadows feed,  
Before the altars grateful victims bleed.

'The ushering in of the New Year, or *New Year's Tide*, with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed, during the sixteenth century, with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the court of the prince as in the cottage of the peasant.

'To end the old year merrily and begin the new one well, and in friendship with their neighbours, were the objects

which the common people had in view in the celebration of this tide or festival. New Year's Eve, therefore, was spent in festivity and frolic by the men; and the young women of the village carried about, from door to door, a bowl of spiced ale, which they offered to the inhabitants of every house where they stopped, singing at the same time some rude congratulatory verses, and expecting some small present in return. This practice, however, which originated in pure kindness and benevolence, soon degenerated into a mere pecuniary traffic; for Selden, in his *Table Talk*, thus alludes to the subject, while drawing the following curious comparison: "The Pope, in sending relicks to princes, does as *wenchies* do by their *wassails* at *New Year's Tide*. They *present you* with a *cup*, and you must *drink* of a sorry stuff; but the meaning is, you must *give* them *money* ten times more than it is worth."

'It was customary, also, on this eve, for the young men and women to exchange their clothes, which was termed *Mumming* or *Disguising*; and when thus dressed in each other's garments, they would go from one neighbour's cottage to another, singing, dancing, and partaking of their good cheer; a species of masquerading which, as may be imagined, was often productive of the most licentious freedoms.

'On the succeeding morning, the first of the New Year presents, called new-year's gifts, were given and received, with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a *happy New Year*. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song; but more generally, (especially in the north of England and in Scotland) the house was entered very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season.

'The custom of interchanging gifts on this day, though now nearly obsolete, was, in the days of Shakspeare, observed most scrupulously; and not merely in the country, but, as hath been just before hinted, even in the palace of the monarch. In fact, the wardrobe and jewelry of Elizabeth appear to have been supported principally by these annual contributions.

'The greatest part, if not all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, &c. gave New Year's gifts to her Majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was 20l.; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40l., the Archbishop of York 30l., and the other spiritual lords 20l. and 10l.; many of the temporal lords and great officers and most of the peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, kirtles, silk stockings, cypress garters, sweet-bags, doblots, mantles, some embroidered with pearls, garnets, &c. looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with precious stones, jewels ornamented with sparks of diamonds in various devices, and other costly trinkets.

'The Queen, though she made returns in plate and other articles, took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour; hence, as the custom was found to be lucrative, and had indeed been practised with success by her predecessors on the throne, it was encouraged and rendered fashionable to an extent hitherto unprecedented in this kingdom. In the country, however, with the exception of the extensive households of the nobility, this interchange was conducted on the pure basis of reciprocal kindness and good will, and without any view of securing patronage or support; it was, indeed, frequently the channel through which charity delighted to exert her holy influence, and, though originating in the heathen world, became sanctified by the Christian virtues.'

In conclusion, we recommend *Time's Telescope* as a work replete with curious information, and arranged with much taste and judgment, which may be consulted with consi-



derable advantage by the antiquary and the lover of natural history, as well as by all classes of readers who can feel any pleasure in the perusal of an interesting volume.

### Foreign Literature.

CHEVALIER GAIL, member of the French Institute, has just published a very interesting collection of Literary Anecdotes, by way of supplement to a work, entitled, 'Chronological Tables of the Principal Facts of History since the Christian Era, to the year 1800.' It is divided into two sections; the first consists of a review of letters formerly published by M. Gail, from Henry II, of France, Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, &c. accompanied with some new unedited letters of the same king, *fac simile* transcripts of the hand-writings of Charles V, Henry III, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and several other distinguished personages. The second part contains a *fac simile* of a passage of a Greek manuscript of Galien, extracts from some other Greek manuscripts of the sixth and twelfth ages; original letters of Boileau; marginal notes written in the hand of Racine, on Eschyles, Euripides, and Sophocles, which shew that he had benefited largely by the study of these admirable poets, &c. The collection comprehends several other interesting articles, and, among others, an explanation of the emblems which embellish the colonnade, in front of the palace of the Thuilleries, erected by Catharine de Medicis. M. Gail recognizes in this building, a monument of the grief of Catharine, for the loss of her husband, Henry II. He rests this explanation, as ingenious as it is plausible, on a long passage of Brantome; and, in an engraving at the end of the volume, he indicates the principal attributes which are still to be seen upon this colonnade. The materials of this interesting work, have been gleaned from the valuable collection of manuscripts in the Royal Library, at Paris, of which M. Gail is the keeper.

An ordinance has been recently issued by the municipal authorities of Copenhagen, which allows the public ten minutes after the end of every theatrical representation, to hiss or applaud as they please, but as soon as that time is elapsed, every one must, at a given signal, depart instantly and quietly.

A subscription was opened, sometime ago, at Cambray, for erecting a monument to the memory of the illustrious Fenelon. The sum raised amounting only to 6401 francs, and this being wholly inadequate to the purpose, the magistracy of Cambray thought they could not better apply part of the revenues of a city, which Fenelon had so highly honoured, than by making up the sum wanted; which they have accordingly done, to the amount of no less than 25,000 francs.

Count Stollberg, a German poet and writer of considerable eminence, died lately, at his estate of Soudermahlen, near Osnabruck.

The Jews, in Paris, have recently established a school, for the instruction of their young, on the Lancasterian plan.

The king of Sweden has ordered one hundred medals to be struck in gold, silver, and copper, in honour of one hundred individuals of all nations, who have contributed to the civilization and improvement of mankind.

The number of students at Gottingen, which, at Easter, this year, amounted to 762, greatly increased at Michaelmas, and amounts now to 937. Of these, 203 study divinity; 378, jurisprudence; 165, medicine; and 192, mathematics, philosophy, philology, and history. Of the above number, 560 are natives, 296 of other German states, and 72 foreigners, among whom are twelve Greeks.

Professor Goerres has resolved to pass the winter at Strasburgh, and to employ himself in literary, not political, labours. He is, at present, engaged in completing a work on ancient mythology, which he began a long time ago.

### Original Communications.

#### DESCRIPTION OF CANADA.

It has always been a leading object with us to render the *Literary Chronicle* as generally useful, as the nature of such a publication would admit; with that view the subject of emigration, in itself so important, and which has occupied so much of the public attention, has been amply treated; and much useful information conveyed in our pages. As all the places that have been successively recommended to the emigrant have been already noticed, with the exception of Canada, (which, as being a British colony, is deserving of particular attention,) we now insert an ample description of it: the reader, therefore, who may have it in contemplation to emigrate will only have to turn to the pages of the *Literary Chronicle* to see the relative advantages the several colonies offer, to guide him in his choice.

The name of Canada was originally applied by Europeans to all the land on the south-west shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on both sides of that river from its mouth to some distance above Quebec. The river St. Lawrence itself was called 'Le Grande Riviere du Canada.' The name was afterwards extended to all the countries which were explored by adventurers from the settlements along the river. The whole of the French possessions in North America were latterly comprehended under the name of New France. Canada, as it is understood at the present day, is bounded to the east by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and country on the Labrador coast, annexed in 1809 to the Government of Newfoundland; to the north by the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the west by undefined boundaries, but which may be supposed to extend (by virtue of occupation by the fur-traders, and the discoveries of M<sup>r</sup> Kensie) to the Pacific Ocean; to the south it is bounded by unexplored countries, and the United States of America, viz., the north-west territory, the Michigan territory, the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, the district of Maine, and by the British province of New Brunswick. The division line on the south, from the Grande Portage on Lake Superior, runs through the great lakes, and down the St. Lawrence to latitude forty-five, and thence along that line to the Connecticut river; from thence it follows the highlands which separate the waters running into the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, until it reaches due north of the St. Croix river, the boundary between the United States and New Brunswick.

British and American Commissioners are now employed, ascertaining the correctness of this boundary line, and on their decision much will depend, in the event



of a rupture with the United States. The whole of this extent of country, as far as it was then explored, was from 1774 to 1791, under the government of the province of Quebec. It was then divided into Upper and Lower Canada, by a boundary line, commencing at Pointe au Bodet, on Lake St. Francis, about fifty-five miles above Montreal; and running in a northerly direction to the Ottawa river, and up that river to its source on Lake Zomiscaming, and then due north to the Hudson's Bay boundary. Lower Canada lies between the forty-fifth and fiftieth degree of north latitude, and the sixty-second and eighty-second degrees of west longitude from Greenwich. The eastern half of the country is mountainous, and generally uncultivable. On the south shore of the St. Lawrence, the mountains do not recede considerably from the river; till within about sixty miles below Quebec, they then run in a south-westerly and southern direction, until they reach lake Champlain. On the western side of this lake they extend north-westerly, in the direction of the Great Rapids of the St. Lawrence. On the north shore they can hardly be said to leave the river, till they leave Quebec, from which they extend in a western and southern direction, till they again appear in sight of the mountains on the south shore, towards the above rapids.

The country lying within these mountains, comprising an extent of above two hundred miles from east to west, and one hundred and eighty from north to south at the broadest part, is level, with the exception of the isolated mountains of Montreal, Beliel, and Chambly. Nearly in the middle of the tract of land flows the St. Lawrence, varying from a mile to upwards of twenty miles in width; navigable for vessels of three hundred tons, six hundred miles from the sea, and receiving on the north the waters of the Ottawa, L'Achigan, the St. Maurice, the Batiscan, the St. Anna, and the Jacques Cartier; and on the south the Chambley, the Ganaska, the St. Francis, the Nicolet, the Besancour, and the Chaudiere; all of which in Europe would be ranked as rivers of great magnitude. The sources of all these, excepting the Ottawa and Chambley, lie considerably to the east of their embouchures. They have generally high banks, along which the soil, and growth of timber, are inferior to that of the country farther back. All of them, excepting where they are nearly on a level with the St. Lawrence, have a second bank, at some distance from that which now contains their waters; the same thing is observable of the St. Lawrence. The waters of none of these rivers are clear, excepting the St. Lawrence itself, which, before its junction with the Ottawa, consists of the most transparent water in the world. The soil on both sides of the St. Lawrence, in the western portion of the tract of country above described, is, for the most part, clayey without stones, excepting here and there globular masses of granite lying on the surface: nearly already it is invariably covered with a dark mould, produced by dissolved vegetable substances. As you approach the mountains, the soil is more light and loamy; these lands are the easiest to be cleared, and are at first very productive. Towards Quebec the soil is poorer, frequently stony and shingly, and there are large tracts of sandy soil covered with only a very slight coating of vegetable mould: the mountains generally consist of granite, though there are, throughout the country, extensive strata of limestone, and not unfrequently stones, having the appearance of volcanic production. The part of the

country in cultivation consists of from one to five leagues back, on both banks of the St. Lawrence, and of the rivers which empty into it; there are also settlements along the boundary of the United States, from the Connecticut river to the St. Lawrence, at St. Regis. On the Ottawa there is a settlement of naval and military men, who, since the last war with America, have taken up grants of land, and are rapidly settling and improving as fine and fertile a tract of country as any in the world: they have the advantage of a good water conveyance to Montreal, and have an immense barrier of impenetrable woods between them and the United States. The rest of the country, to the very tops of the mountains, is covered with timber of a species and growth congenial to the soil. The climate of Canada resembles that of the countries of the continent of Europe, situate from ten to fifteen degrees further north. The temperature, upon Fahrenheit's scale, varies at present from thirty below Zero, and the heat from eighty to ninety. About sixty or seventy years ago, the extreme of cold used to be stated at thirty degrees below freezing of Reamur, or 36 below 0 of Fahrenheit. The variation in a few minutes in the winter season has been known to be upwards of fifty degrees; it is frequently in a few hours thirty. A remarkable instance of variation happened on the 18th of January, 1810, when the thermometer stood a few degrees below temperature, and was almost immediately down below Zero. The change of climate in summer is sometimes very abrupt, and is generally accompanied by a change of wind, only two of which can be said to prevail in the country, easterly and westerly. Small storms of easterly wind, and almost at every other time, the upper strata of clouds, when visible, is moved by a westerly wind. In the winter, the easterly wind inclines more to the north-east, and the westerly to the north-west. Throughout the whole extent of Lower Canada a slight degree of frost sometimes happens in the summer months. There is a material difference of temperature between the eastern and western divisions of the country, which is discernible at about twenty and thirty leagues above Quebec; beyond that to the eastward, agricultural labour may be prosecuted, and vegetation is active during seven months in the year; round Quebec it is rarely for more than six, at the expiration of which the soil is frozen, or covered with snow, and vegetation dormant. The period for the western division is from the 15th of November to the 15th of April; for the eastern, from the 1st of November to the 1st of May.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### LEONARDO DA VINCI'S CELEBRATED PICTURE OF THE LAST SUPPER.

*(FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.)*

LEONARDO, like all the great masters, meditated profoundly upon his subject, while forming the plan of his composition; and having prepared himself by long study, and, above all, by close examination of nature, began the execution by repeated sketches, both of the whole design, and of all its individual parts. Giraldi relates some curious particulars, which he had from his father, who was Leonardo's contemporary. He used to frequent the accustomed haunts of persons resembling, by their character and habits, those whom he was about to introduce in his picture; and as often as he met with any attitude, groupe, or feature, which suited his purpose, he sketched it in



the tablets which he carried about with him. Having nearly finished the other Apostles in this way, he had left Judas's head untouched, as for a long time he could find no physiognomy which satisfied him, or came up to the ideas he had formed of transcendent villainy and treachery. The Prior of the Dominican convent, in the refectory or dining-room of which the painting was, grew impatient at being so long incommoded in that essential branch of monastic discipline which was carried on in this apartment, and complained to the Grand Duke; who called on the artist to explain the delay. He said he worked at it two whole hours every day. The pious head of the house renewed his representations with very honest zeal, and alleged that Leonardo had only one head to finish, and that so far from working two hours a day, he had not been near the place for almost twelve months. Again summoned before the prince, the painter thus defended himself. 'It is true I have not entered the convent for a long time; but it is no less true, that I have been employed every day at least two hours upon the picture. The head of Judas remains to do; and in order to give it a physiognomy suitable to the excessive wickedness of the character, I have for more than a year past, been daily frequenting the Borghetto, morning and evening, where the lowest refuse of the capital live; but I have not yet found the features I am in quest of; these once found, the picture is finished in a day.' 'If, however,' he added, 'I still am unsuccessful in my search, I shall rest satisfied with the face of the Prior himself, which would suit my purpose extremely well; only that I have for a long time been hesitating about taking such a liberty with him in his own convent.' It is hardly necessary to add, that the Grand Duke was perfectly satisfied; and the artist happening soon after to meet with his Judas, finished his grand work. Our author adds a similar anecdote of Appiani, the last fresco painter that Italy has produced; who, having to represent a lion's skin, delayed a considerable time until he could find one; observing, that he had of course seen but few in his life, and never paid a very minute attention to them.

The Supper, thus completed, and the object of unbounded and universal admiration, has unhappily been, of all great pictures, by far the shortest lived. Every thing unfortunate in the materials and position, has been combined with a number of untoward accidents, and some still more fatal acts of premeditated mischief, to destroy long ago all the traces of the master-hand. The first misfortune was its being painted in oil instead of fresco, a kind of work ill suited to the slow retouching hand and most fastidious taste of Leonardo, who was glad, on this account, to take advantage of the recent invention of body colours. A miserable fresco at the other end of the refectory, painted in the same age, still tantalizes the observer by the freshness of its tints, while the masterpiece of Leonardo, perhaps of the art, has been gone for ages. It is further said, that he used oil too much refined, and of too thin a consistency. It is certain, too, that the plaster on which he worked had some defect, which made it scale off in a few years. Then the convent is situated in a damp place, and the refectory is in the lowest part of the building; so that at all times when there is an inundation in the Milanese, the room is filled with water. Hence this picture retained its original beauties only for a few years. It was finished in 1498; in 1540 it is represented as half effaced; and ten years later, the outlines only remained, the colours being entirely gone. A century after this, the venerable

fathers whose lot it was to occupy the same room with it during a very interesting portion of the day, observing (with their wonted sagacity) that the straight line which joined their table and the kitchen passed through the centre of the picture, and by no means through the door, and aware, from instinctive science, that the straight line between those two points was the shortest, thought proper to cut through the wall, and thus destroyed a part of the principal figure, and the two next it. With a tenderness for their sovereign, almost equal to their zeal for their own clerical duties, they next nailed a great 'scutcheon of the Emperor upon the middle of the wall, so as to reach the heads of the groupe. But the tender mercies of those reverend personages have been still more fatal to this masterpiece, and have finished the destruction which their negligence begun. In 1726, they employed an artist who pretended to have a secret for reviving lost colours; and allowed him to work upon the Supper under an awning which concealed his operations. This dauber, whose name was Bellotti, painted the whole picture over again, with the exception of a portion of the sky, as seen through the window, the original colour of which remained nearly entire. It is justly remarked by our author, that connoisseurs, who were not aware of what had happened, went on pleasantly enough, lavishing their praises on the picture of Bellotti, before whose divine performance they enacted the same raptures as before he had obliterated the work of Leonardo. Finally, its destruction was completed in 1770, by one Mazza, who actually scraped off most of the few outlines which remained of the original; and had inserted heads of his own in all the figures but three, when he was stopped by a change in the convent, and a new prior succeeding. In 1796, Buonaparte, out of respect for the place, rather than that it signified much what now became of the picture, signed an order there, before he remounted his horse, prohibiting any military use being made of the apartment: but soon after, one of his generals, whose name we wish the author had been less delicate about, broke down the doors and made a stable of it. The dragoons, as might be expected, amused themselves with throwing stones at the heads, being told they were meant to represent the Apostles. The refectory was then used for some years as a magazine of forage; and when at length permission was given to wall up the door, in order to prevent further dilapidations, so little was it attended to, that, in 1800, a flood having covered the floor a foot deep with water, it was suffered to remain until it dried by evaporation.

Such is the history, and so complete the destruction, of this celebrated picture; and thus, entirely from tradition, and through the medium of copies and engravings, do we derive all the knowledge of its merit which we can now obtain. Happily those copies are numerous, and some of them by contemporary artists of note, who studied the original in the days of its greatest preservation.

#### THE FEUDAL MONARCHS OF FRANCE.

It was Charles Martel who first regulated the mutual obligations of the lord of the fee and his feudatory. His system, afterwards improved by Louis le Debonnaire, was perfected by Charles the Bald, and appeared in all its vigour under Charles the Simple. The government was a despotism; the ruler being only occasionally thwarted by the turbulence of barbarous subjects. Clovis butchered.



all his relations; Clotaire caused his son Chramne to be burned alive, with all his family, in a hut; Chilperic had his son Sigebert massacred; princes, grandees, and prelates, were assassinated by the orders of the horrible Fredegonde, who would have suffocated her own daughter had she not been snatched from her; Theodobert poignarded his own wife, and was afterward, by the orders of his brother Thierry, hurled down from the walls of Cologne; a queen, nearly eighty years of age, was tied to the tail of an untamed horse, by Clotaire II; and a lord, named Boudillon, was scourged with rods, by order of Chilperic II, because he had dared to make representations to him on the enormity of the public burthens. All these horrors were committed without any remonstrance or complaint being made; and these facts doubtless only accord with a despotism of the most confirmed and malignant kind. A law of the time also corroborates this assertion, 'If any one kills a man by order of his king, or of his chief, having this authority over his vassals, let him not be sought, nor exposed to any inconvenience, because the order was from his lord, which he could not disobey; but let his chief protect him, or if he be dead, let his son take care of him, or whoever he be that succeeds to the deceased lord.' That all this was not usurpation, but that the subjects acquiesced in these enormities, appears from the following address of Gregory, of Tours: 'If any one of us departs from justice, you can correct him; but, if you violate it yourself, who shall call you to account? We make remonstrances to you, and you listen to them, if it seems good to you; but if you reject them, who will condemn you; unless it be him who says of himself that he is Justice?'

In order to prove that some of the services due from vassals could only have been imposed with the intention of degrading them, M. Levesque relates that, when the kings of England held Guienne, the lady of Corbin was their vassal for the fee of Tuyosse; and that, whenever the sovereign passed that way, the lady was obliged to accompany him as far as the oak of Condal, with a cart full of combustibles, drawn by two cows without tails. When they arrived at the oak, fire was to be set to the combustibles, and the cart was to be consumed so far as to set the cows at liberty. The lord of Griens was bound to meet the king at a certain inclosure on his lands, with a taper of black wax, of a pound weight, and to accompany him with it, lighted, as far as St. Sever.

To shew the abject condition of burgesses, there is an anecdote related of Henry, Count of Champagne and Brie, who was surnamed the liberal, on account of his generosity. He often advised with a burgess named Artaut, of whose prudence he entertained a high opinion; and the beneficence of the count to the burgess was such, that he became rich enough to build the castle of Nogent l'Artaut. One day, as the count was going to mass, a poor gentleman introduced to him his two daughters, praying him to aid him in their establishment. Artaut was behind the count, and, without giving him time to answer for himself, he told the gentleman that the lord had made so many gifts, that he had nothing more to give. 'Sir villain, you lie grossly,' said the count to him, 'when you say that I have nothing more to give: I have, and I will give yourself to him.' Immediately he seized him, and said to the gentleman: 'take him, my friend, I give him to you, and engage him to you.' The poor gentleman was not astonished, but immediately griped his prize closely, and did not let him loose till he had engaged to pay him five hun-

dred livres; a sum equal to twelve thousand and five hundred livres of our money, and of far higher value on account of the depreciation of specie since that period.

## Poetical Portraits,

No. I.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

'There's no needle

In a sun-dial  
More trem'lous than himself, in any thing  
That he concludes in justice for the state;  
For, as a fever held him, he will shake  
When he is signing any thing of weight,  
Lest human frailty should misguide his justice.'—  
*Chapman and Shirley.*

SIR WILLIAM GRANT.

— 'A judge, a man so learned,—  
So full of equity,—so noble,—so notable;  
In the progress of his life so innocent;  
In the manage of his office so incorrupt;  
In the passages of state so wise; in  
Affection to his country so religious;  
In all his services to the king so  
Fortunate and exploring, as envy  
Itself cannot excuse or malice vitiate.—*The same.*

MR. CANNING.

'Know, sir, that the wings  
On which my soul is mounted, have long since  
Born her too high to stoop to any prey  
That soars not upwards.'—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

'On my own treasure of desert I live,  
And all my glory from myself receive.'—*Crown.*

MR. WORDSWORTH.

'Never so blest as when he writ and read  
The ape-lov'd issue of his brain; and never  
But joying in himself.'—*Chapman.*

MR. HOBHOUSE.

'Shew, shew, thy ugliest brow,  
Oh, most black chance! Make me a wretched story;  
Without misfortune, virtue hath no glory.'—*Marston.*

MR. THELWALL.

'Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost.'—*Hamlet.*

## Original Poetry.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR,  
FOR 1820.

'In sese revertitur annus.'

I.

WHILST courtly bard, with courtly song,  
Proclaims the new year's day,  
The humbler poet joins the throng,  
And sings the heartfelt lay:  
Though laureate wreath grace not my brow,—  
Though loyal song be not my task,  
I fain would pledge a nobler vow,  
Than those who for a stipend sing  
The greatness of their master—king,  
And for their loyal strains in royal sunshine b



## II.

And 'though my sov'reign issue forth  
The burning viol of his wrath  
Against disloyalty,  
I would prefer a nobler claim  
To honour and poetic fame,  
Than insincerity:—

A silly bard, I would not part  
With the true feelings of the heart;  
Nor would I for a sordid fee,  
E'en at the throne of majesty,  
Present my Ode, and bend the knee;  
Crouching with mean servility!

## III.

No;—'tis the independent strain  
I love; nor hope of joy, nor fear of pain,  
Should lure me from the bliss serene  
Of Truth's abode, and Virtue's scene.  
So much more free,—so much the more sincere:  
The slave who basely yields to coward fear,  
Had better lose his breath,  
And die a sullen death,  
Forgotten and unknown, than stab his honour's fame,  
And stain the glory of a virtuous name!

## IV.

Ye mighty wheel of rolling years,  
Involving human hopes and fears,  
Passing on your circling way,  
Illumine us with heav'nly ray  
Of Wisdom's light and Virtue's sway,  
That each succeeding year may prove  
More blest, till thou shalt cease to move!

## V.

Oh Peace! thou goddess bright and fair,  
Let not black discord taint the air  
With her unholy sound;  
Chace her foul tumult from the world,  
Be your white standard still unfurl'd,  
And fix'd on British ground!  
Shake from Combustion's horrid fangs,  
The fiery fuze of war,—  
Lest, vengeful, she inflict her pangs  
On nations near and far!

## VI.

When forked lightnings, glitt'ring in the sky,  
Illumine the expanse of heaven;  
When awful thunder speaks on high,  
And furious elemental war  
Fulminates its rage afar,  
And Hope is from her anchor riv'n,  
And Envy hisses her envenom'd sting,—  
Say, shall each sad digression swell the tale  
Of yawning horror? shall the electric bolt  
Traverse with awful course the nether world;  
And the dire falcon shake her clapping wing?—  
Relentless Fates! will ye still fan the gale?  
And must your minds from Mercy's call revolt?  
And must she from her iron throne be hurl'd?  
Nor lyric song, nor hallow'd hopes assuage  
The haughty arm of your terrific rage.  
Vain were our hopes, and vainly poets sing;  
Or shall I raise my wakeful eye  
From pole to pole,—or soars it to the sky,  
'Tis Horror's blackest form alone I can espy.

## VII.

So when the haughty Mars assumes his vermil' crest,  
And plate of steel defends th' embolden'd warrior's  
breast;

When vengeful batteries storm with iron hail,  
Sea-castles floating on the rugged main;  
When quarter'd soldiers cruelly assail  
Th' affrighted peasant of the peaceful vale;  
Or burn the lonely cottage of the plain,—  
Then Terror mounts her throne, and Horror marks her  
reign!

## VIII.

When passing clouds the glorious sun unveil,  
Shooting its salutary ray,—  
Chasing each human fear away,—  
And bright-ey'd Summer, of celestial birth,  
Spreads her gay tints o'er the enliven'd earth,  
The winged tribe,—the bleating flocks,—  
The noble horse, and sturdy ox,  
Springing with pleasure, forward leap,  
O'er craggy rock and rugged steep,  
To taste the bounties of a summer-day:  
All nature seems refresh'd—Joy takes her throne,  
And claims terrestrial regions as her own.

## IX.

So when the warrior, train'd to deeds of arms,  
Throws off his cuirass—lays aside his plume—  
Resheaths his sword, and tends his fair one's loom;  
No more disturbs Amanda with alarms,  
Lest her dear Henry die in battle fray,  
And blast those fair hopes, once so gay;  
When gladdened peasant the tall thyrsis bears,  
And the brave captain may dismiss his men,  
And send them back to homely glen,  
The much-blest world a fairer prospect wears!

## X.

Bellona now no longer drives her car  
Against Europa, with her clang of war;  
Her restless steeds, no longer driv'n  
Their wonted course, content to neigh  
In distant regions of Peruvian day.  
Oh! 'tis a heav'nly blessing to enjoy  
The peaceful chorus, and the fire-side,—  
When anxious lover may reveal his soul,  
And Bacchus quaff in peace  
The overflowing bowl;  
When the terrific cannon's bore  
Sends forth its deadly messenger no more,—  
When jarring battles cease,  
And the proud Mars is from his chariot hurl'd,  
'Tis then that sacred heav'n  
Smiles all propitious on this nether world,  
And neither fears can terrify, nor blessings cloy.

## XI.

Th' ensanguin'd diadem,  
Tho' set with many a sparkling gem,  
Reflects no honour on the wearer's head,—  
For rays of light from diamonds shed,  
Are naught compared to glory's lustrous blaze,  
Encircling those who walk in Virtue's ways,  
And mercifully fix the dagger in its sheath,  
Whose brows true Fame shall crown with her illustrious  
wreath.

## XII.

Oh! grant it heav'n,  
That blissful peace may reign,  
And flourish in eternal pow'r;  
Let iron war no more maintain  
His dire carnivorous sway,  
By fiery lightnings driv'n  
From the fell slaughter of the battle-field,  
With sabre blunt and broken shield,  
That we may meet in ivied bow'r,



And drink the essence of the vine,  
Where myrtles blow and woodbines twine;  
Tasting sweet concord in the peaceful holiday

## XIII.

Each passing year shall hoary Time  
Write in his catalogue, till the huge roll  
Is fill'd with lines momentous and sublime!  
Then this material world  
Will curl like a stupendous scroll;  
And, in dire tumult whirl'd,  
Reel on the giddy axis of destruction.  
Borne on the wings of time, may we prepare  
Our souls for bliss;—may sullen Care  
No longer plant her furrows in our brows;  
Nor dark Adversity, with iron scourge,  
Inflict her stinging stripes.—Oh! may we purge  
Our souls from each defilement,—nor dare yield  
To the base arts of temptative seduction;  
Nor godly gifts abuse,  
In justice arm'd, and bearing virtue's shield!  
Then mem'ry shall paint, in glowing hues,  
Each blissful moment,—and our souls shall rise  
To purest region, and the happiest world,  
From the low bed of death, to the exalted skies!

\* . \* . T.

## TO E——. L——.

If slighted love thou e'er had'st known,—  
Had but its pangs been thine;  
Oh! in the memory of thine own,  
Thoud'st feel and pity mine.

But never, never, may'st thou prove  
How wretched is their fate,  
Who sigh for those they may not love,  
But feel they cannot hate.

W. T. M.

## EPIGRAPH ON AN INFANT.

SWEET babe, no blasts of this world's woe  
Did'st thou e'er feel, or even know;  
No sooner had'st thou taken root,  
And thy young buds began to shoot,—  
Than Death's severe and sudden doom  
Snatched thee from trouble to the tomb;  
Thus shall thine infant ashes rest,  
Till dawn of that bright day, more blest,  
Shall bid thee from the grave arise,  
To share the glories of the skies.

L.

## The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Monday night, the comedy of the *Dramatist* was performed at this theatre; the characters were well cast and well sustained, but the 'impatient Gods' would not permit it to be heard very distinctly; they had assembled for a treat of another description, that of a new grand Christmas pantomime, called *Jack and the Bean Stalk, or Harlequin and the Ogre*. The classical story on which this pantomime is founded, has long been familiar in the nursery; and, we must confess, that it has been 'adapted to the stage' (to speak technically) with great fidelity. For the benefit of such of our readers as are unacquainted with this often-told tale, it may be well to state that Jack, the hero of it, is a poor and idle but good natured lad, who, being sent to market to sell a cow for his mother, is, on his return with the money, met by a good fairy, Arpa, who, after putting his humanity to the test, by assuming the garb of poverty and soliciting relief,

changes, into beans, the money which Jack had received. His mother, on discovering the metamorphosis which has occurred, throws the beans with indignation into the garden, and declares she will never see him again unless he produces the money he has received. While Jack is ruminating in front of his mother's cottage, the bean suddenly sprouts up, and the stalk soon reaches to the ceiling. At the same time, a voice is heard, encouraging him to ascend the bean in the following terms:—

The seed is sown,  
The stalk is grown,  
Then, up Jack up, and the day's your own.

Jack, having had this advice given to him in a dream, does not now fail to obey it. He reaches the castle of the Ogre, a ferocious giant, whom he kills, and releases Jannetta, a female slave to the Ogre, and a little dwarf who had also been kept in thralldom. The genii of the Harp, (Arpa) now appears, converts Jack into harlequin and Jannetta into columbine. The Ogre's wife, an ugly old enchantress, conjures up two evil spirits to pursue the fugitives, who are changed into clown and pantaloon; they, annoy the lovers, by perpetual efforts to separate them, but in vain, as they are all rendered unavailing by the kind fairy, who gives a magic wand to harlequin and a flageolet to columbine, but with an injunction never to use it except in a case of extreme danger. That emergency at last arrives, the flageolet is softly blown, the scene instantly changed, and the lovers carried to Arpa's palace and there made happy. The metamorphoses, in this pantomime, though not very numerous, were effective. A patient 'phlebotomizer,' who lets the lancet fall like the axe of the guillotine on the patient, is turned into a schoolmaster with a rod. A shaving machine is converted into the Attorney-general; and a set of tea equipage, which explode as fire-works, and whirled the clown and pantaloon for some time in the midst of them, drew down torrents of applause. A view of the exterior and afterwards of the interior of Exeter Change, in which the wild beasts broke loose, to the great terror of the crowds of fashionable visitors who were assembled, afforded much amusement. Among the scenery, which is very excellent, we were particularly struck with the interior of the Ogre's castle, by Marinari; a marine view, by Andrews; a view of Piccadilly, with the scaffolding for the new buildings, which changes into the County Fire Office. These two scenes were painted by Holloghan. Miss Povey, who played Jack, executed two songs very prettily. Bologna as harlequin, Miss Tree as columbine, and Southby as clown, were all that could be wished, and the pantomime was completely successful.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—On Monday night, after Lillo's tragedy of *George Barnwell*, which, according to long established usage, has always been played on this evening for the moral instruction of house-maids and apprentices, a new pantomime was produced, called *Harlequin and Don Quixote, or Sancho Panza in his Glory*. This pantomime differs materially from other pieces of the same class in having excluded those old favourites, clown and pantaloon; and, in having admitted something like a dialogue, and a story approaching to regularity. It was, we suspect, owing to this deviation from what had seemed to be the imprescriptible usage of pantomimes, that this piece was, on the first night, less applauded than it deserved. The action of the piece commences in the study of Don Quixote, where his niece and housekeeper are introduced,



with the aid of the barber and Sampson Carrasco, burning his books of chivalry. The genius of romance descends, and after reproving them for their work of destruction, transforms the bachelor into harlequin, the niece into columbine, and the housekeeper into an attendant esquire. They are instructed to lead the knight into perils and adventures, and to cure his follies by teaching him experience. We are then presented in succession with the principal adventures of the hero of mock romance and those of his faithful follower, Sancho Panza, personated with great humour by Grimaldi. The knight and the squire are attended by the faithful companions of their fortune, Rosinante and Dapple. There are fewer changes and tricks of transformation in this pantomime than usual. The most whimsical was the equipage prepared for Teresa and Sanchica, when sent for by Sancho to partake in his Baratarian honours. The washing tub is changed into an elegant gilt chariot, which, with three swine harnessed to it, and a game cock on the coach-box, as driver, is drawn off in triumph.

In order that the audience may enter into the wild imaginations of the knight-errant, and understand the motives of his actions, it has been most ingeniously contrived that his fancies should be realised for a moment, and that the objects should immediately afterwards resume their natural shape. Thus, in the adventure of the windmill, no sooner has Don Quixote cast his eyes upon it than it turns into an immense giant, and the flour sacks become as many distressed damsels, who implore his pity; but, while he turns to take his lance and shield, the giant resolves itself again into a windmill and the ladies into sacks; and the gallant knight, who does not perceive the alteration, is caught by one of the sails, and whirled round several times, to the great terror of his faithful squire. A flock of sheep also turn, at another time, into a battalion of Moorish soldiers, with drawn scymitars and flying colours, and, at the moment of attack, resume their helplessness with their original form. The scenery, chiefly executed by Messrs. Grieves, Pugh, and Whitmore, is of the most varied and splendid description. Some slight opposition was made to its announcement for repetition by Grimaldi, but, on the second night, it was received with unqualified approbation.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin opened this house for the season, on Monday night, with three new pieces, several new performers, and all the old favourites of the 'Surrey.' The first was a burletta, called *Small Profits do Great Things*, in which Miss Witham from Drury Lane theatre, made her first appearance, and sung two popular songs with great effect. A serious Melo Drame followed, entitled the *Force of Conscience, or the Accusing Spirit*. It is founded on Mr. Galt's drama of the Witness. The principal characters were well supported by Mr. Bengough, from Drury Lane Theatre, and Miss Taylor. The scenery was very splendid. The last and best piece was a comic romantic Burletta, called *Mouse Traps, or the Mountain Cottager*, in which Chatterley as a drunken Innkeeper and Fitzwilliam as the Cottager, played admirably. Mr. Payne from the Liverpool theatre made his first appearance in this piece as a Captain of Banditti, in which he sung 'Let Fame sound the Trumpet' in a manner which strongly reminded us of the better days of Incedon. His voice is not very powerful, but possesses much sweetness; and he displayed considerable skill and taste in its management, particularly in the lower notes.

Miss Copeland as a Savoyard Peasant, was quite at home. The scenery of this piece is very splendid. The entertainments were received with tumults of applause by a very crowded audience.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Among the pantomimes produced at the several theatres on Monday night, that of the Adelphi is not the least worthy of notice. It is entitled *The Fairy of the North Star, or Harlequin at Labrador*. In the sixteen new and well painted scenes, which are successively presented, we were much pleased with a View of Dover, by Phillips, a young artist of considerable promise. Paulo was the clown, and Miss E. Dennett columbine, and it will be admitted that they could not have found better representatives. The celebrated shawl dance by the three Miss Dennetts, which was introduced, contributed much to the success of the pantomime, which was quite complete.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—George Barnwell was performed at this theatre on Monday, Mrs. Waring sustaining the character of Millwood, and Mr. Rae that of young Barnwell; of the merit of this performance we have already spoken very favourably, and an improved acquaintance with it gives us no reason to retract our opinion. Miss Price was the Maria of the evening, and played the part with that correctness and chastity which always distinguish her performances. The new Christmas pantomime is entitled, *The Fire King, Harlequin, and the Water Queen*; it contains several good tricks, and fourteen or fifteen new scenes, some of which are very ingenious; that of the palace of the Fire King is very splendid, and was much applauded. A Mr. Guerint, who is new on these boards, played harlequin, Miss Hart, columbine, and Mr. Kirby, clown, all in a very spirited manner. The house was excessively crowded, and the performances gave entire satisfaction.

THE COBURG THEATRE.—The principal novelty at this theatre, is a melo-drama, called *Richard the Third*, founded on the tragedy of that name; it retains all the striking incidents, and was prepared, principally, for the introduction of Mr. Booth, formerly of Covent Garden; the celebrity obtained by this gentleman, with the characteristic gaiety of the season, produced the most noisy and overflowing audience ever witnessed; not one word could be heard of the performance in any part of the house; but the story being well known, and the action good, kept the whole assembly in good humour. When the curtain fell, Mr. T. P. Cooke came forward to announce the repetition of the piece, but the call for Mr. Booth being general, the former gentleman retired, and the announcement by the latter was received with acclamations.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The Eastern melo-dramatic spectacle of *El Hyder* and a new Pantomime form the holiday treat at this house. The former has been produced with a degree of splendour equal to, if not surpassing any thing we ever witnessed at a minor theatre, and the latter is also remarkable for the beauty of its scenery. This piece is called the *Three Wishes*, and is taken from the often-told tale of the Wishes and the Black Puddings. From this source, the author has contrived a very interesting introduction to his Harlequinade, of which, however, our limits will only allow us to say, that it was well received. The tricks are not numerous, nor very good. We were much pleased with the graceful and lively manner in which Miss Adams played columbine.



## Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

**A newly discovered Fishing Bank.**—We understand that a Fishing-bank has within these few years been discovered, which is supposed to extend about 150 miles in a south-western direction from the Shetland Islands. It joins the fishing-banks on the western side of the Orkney Islands, and is believed to bend westward as far as Cape Wrath in Sutherland's Fire, and the Lewis Isles.—This great Bank has already become an object of some notoriety with the Dutch and French fishermen, who are to fish upon it next season. One French vessel, said to belong to St. Maloes, fished two cargoes of fine cod upon it, in so short a period in the summer of 1819, that she returned to France with her second cargo in the month of July. A number of decked boats or small vessels, manned with eight hands each, belonging to the Shetland Islands, rendezvoused last summer, in Scel-loway, and the other boes or bays on the western side of Shetland; they were extremely successful, having actually caught for several months together, at the rate of about 1000 fish per week, for each boat.

The position and circumstances of this valuable fishing-bank has for some years attracted the attention of Mr. Stevenson, engineer to the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, under whose direction a new Lighthouse is now erecting on Sumburg-head, in Shetland.—Mr. Stevenson's inquiries were originally directed to this great bank as a subject interesting to Natural History, and connected with his investigations regarding the bed of the North Sea, or German Ocean; and we are happy to learn, that he is now enabled to delineate its general outline on the map of the North Sea, and give soundings of the depth of water on a range of from 30 to 60 fathoms.

As no trace of this great bank is to be found on the charts of these seas, it would certainly be an object of national importance to have its limits accurately ascertained, and the soundings correctly laid down upon the charts of the coast. Mr. Stevenson further suggests, that this bank should be called Regent Fishing Bank, to mark the period in which it has been discovered.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

**Misrepresentation.**—This expressive word is peculiar to the English language; there is nothing exactly equivalent to it in the French, nor, we believe, any other European language. It is descriptive of the art of disguising objects; of depriving them of their natural appearance without changing them entirely. To make a misrepresentation is not to advance a fact which is groundless; it does not even consist in falsifying or preventing the principal circumstances of a fact; it consists in placing the fact in a false light, which gives it altogether another appearance from that which it ought to have.

**The Goodnatured Author.**—The late M. Segur, among other literary productions, supplied the French theatres with a number of pleasing trifles. If he was not always successful, he was at least always gay in his reverses. When his works were ill received by the public, he consoled himself for a failure by a bon mot; he made even a point of consoling his companions in misfortune. About twenty years ago, a piece of his was brought forward called the *Yellow Cabriolet* which happened to be damned on the first representation. Some days afterwards a piece, by another author, was presented, which was equally unfortunate. The author, petrified at his failure, stood for a moment immovable. 'Come, come, my dear Sir,' said M. Segur, 'don't be cast down, I will give you a seat in my *Yellow Cabriolet*.'

**Parliamentary Bulls.**—On account of the great number of suicides a member moved for leave to make it a capital offence.

**Irony and Sarcasms.**—Irony and sarcastic jeers have, in my opinion, no force in themselves. If aimed at a man of firm mind, they evaporate; but if, indeed, they are levelled at low and mean spirits, they not only grieve, but sometimes kill. For instance, Socrates, when satyrised and ridiculed on the stage, laughed at it; but Polliager hung himself.

**No Atheists among Barbarians.**—Who will not extol the wisdom of the Barbarians? For not one amongst them has fallen into Atheism, or hath doubted, whether there be gods or not, and whether they take care of us or not. None of them, neither Indian, Celtic, or Egyptian, adopted such opinions as did Euémeras the Messenian, or Diogenes the Phrygian, or Hippo, or Diagoras, or Socias, or Epicurus. The forementioned Barbarians asserted, that there were gods, who exercised a providence over us, and predicted certain events by birds and tokens, and the entrails of animals, and other prognostications: all which things are arguments to men, of the superintendence of the gods. They also tell us many things are foretold to them in dreams, and by the stars. From a firm faith in these principles, they religiously offer sacrifices, and live in pure and holy manners, and perform ceremonies, and observe the law of orgies, and do many other things, which strongly express their worship and reverence of the gods.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear from L. on the subject he mentions. Mr. Newman is requested to send to our office for a letter. 'Time,' 'Lines on Windsor Terrace,' 'Sam Spritsail,' and V., in our next.

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